

thou invincible ! Thou driest up the heart ; thou makest it hard, callous, and impenetrable ! I will not, however, neglect my best endeavours. What a triumph, to snatch a young man from such a vice !

Some days after, Doriman thought proper to pay another visit to his uncle. It is necessary that I should humour him, said he, or he may deprive me of succession to his estate. As he is a man that pretends to noble sentiments, and is a dupe to his own imagination, he may, perhaps, have the folly to bequeath his fortune to the poor. His mind is become tainted with the number of books he has read in favour of generosity, charity, and hospitality ; and, I believe, he had even attempted to scribble upon those subjects himself ; he too runs after the bubble reputation. He and I have had a little altercation, but that was trifling, temporary, and transitory ; and ought, by this time, to be effaced from the memory. I am not in the least offended at what he has said : he loves sermonizing, let him indulge himself, it will do me no injury.

When he arrived at his uncle's house, he found him engaged in counting a large sum of money, which he had just received : the eyes of Doriman were fixed with the sight. He sat himself down in a corner, that he might not interrupt a business which he thought the most

most serious and important in life. But why, said he to himself, is all this cash produced just at this time ? Perhaps my uncle means to make me a present to make me become generous. He was, however, greatly mistaken in his conjecture.

Strephon, having counted his cash, rang the bell. A man was introduced plainly apparelled, and of an age pretty far advanced. He entered with a dejected air ; sorrow was painted in his countenance, which discovered the affliction of his heart. Strephon ran to meet him, took him by the hand, and said, in a low voice, Sir, I am happy in having it in my power to oblige you ; excuse me, if I have made you wait ; I had not in the house so much money as you required ; I was obliged to send and borrow it of a friend ; I hope it has not arrived too late.

Ah ! Sir, replied the stranger, (the tears of gratitude flowing from his eyes) you know not the value of the benefit which you have conferred upon me ! you know not the critical situation to which I was reduced ! When I presumed to write to you, shame, for a time detained my pen ; I had no claim to your generosity. You commiserated my situation merely from knowing that I was an unfortunate father. May that God, whose eyes are ever open to behold the actions of mankind, reward and recompense you ! for my  
poor